

CUTHBERT BOSTRIL

by
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This is the tale of Cuthbert Bostril
Who thought he'd only use one nostril
So he made himself a sort of cover
To stop him breathing through the other.
And so he wondered 'round the place
Wearing a muzzle on his face
Until he met Euphemia Muck
The barmaid at the Dog & Duck.
Euphemia loved him from the start
And told him frankly, "'Have a heart"
Remove that gadget from your clock,
In other words your nose unblock."
Ahh! such was love it made him weaken,
He took the shutter off his beak 'n'
Wedding bells rang out with Cuth'
Letting both nostrils do their stuff.
Alas, alack their bliss was short,
'Ere very long our Cuthbert thought,
He'd buy an eye-shield and then try,
To read the paper with one eye,
And then Euphemia saw with fear
He'd cotton wool stuffed in one ear,
And then he bought a sort of peg
And started walking on one leg.
So Euphemia took the only course
And being granted her divorce
Married a bloke named Arnold Stout,
What did'nt muck himself about.